

Who We Were

By: pyrofreeze

“Even murderers were children once, and sometimes, it’s rather easy to forget that.” Remus Lupin remembers the boy Peter Pettigrew once was.

Status: complete

Published: 2007-07-07

Words: 963

Rated: Fiction K+ - Language: English - Genre: Tragedy/Friendship -
Characters: Peter P., Remus L. - Reviews: 10 - Favs: 9

Original source: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/3642015/1/Who-We-Were>

Exported with the assistance of FicHub.net

Who We Were

[Introduction](#)

[Who We Were](#)

Who We Were

Who We Were

Every person that has ever lived started off as a child: whether a person grows to be a father, a teacher, a prisoner, or a betrayer, we all start off as little snout nosed babies crying for our mothers to rock us to sleep. We all start off as giggling little things that haven't a clue as to what's going on, and who can't say a word that makes sense in the human language... and then we grow up, and we become children. Even murderers were children once, and sometimes, it's rather easy to forget that.

Remus Lupin sometimes forgets this fact, but then he remembers: he remembers four young headstrong boys huddled together in a dormitory with blood red walls, laughing and giggling while swapping chocolate frog cards and daring each other to eat funny colored Bernie Botts Beans. And sometimes Remus wishes he wouldn't remember, because it's easier that way; it'd be easier to think that Peter Pettigrew was nothing more than a traitorous rat who had always been a murderer, and nothing more. But Remus always remembers: he always remembers a pudgy little blonde boy with bright eyes, and a knack for Charms. He can't help but remember the boy who took the fall for a prank he and Sirius pulled solo, without James, once; he can't help but remember the little boy who'd looked up to Sirius and James as if they were gods; he couldn't help but remember the little boy who had always been a bit cowardly, but all around a good person and friend. He wanted to think of Peter Pettigrew as a heartless murderer... but he couldn't.

Whenever he tried, he always thought of the little boy with eyes so sure, and with a smile that was always a bit too big; he couldn't forget the boy that had come before the murderer.

Remus was never sure how, or why, or even when Peter had turned; in the end though, before the betrayal, Peter always seemed so tired, so sad, and so very guilty and regretful. Remus wanted to hate Peter, as Sirius had seemed to hate Peter... but he couldn't; not to the degree he wanted to anyway. A little blue-eyed eleven-year old in his mind always got in the way of that.

Even sitting on Sirius's grave, and with memories of what Peter had done to James and Lily, Remus couldn't forget the person Peter had been.

"What did we do that drove him away?" Remus asked, but the gravestone to which he spoke remained silent. "Why did he turn? What happened?"

Remus wasn't sure he'd ever really learn why, or how the young Gryffindor boy in his mind's eye became the Death Eater he was today. He didn't understand, and he wasn't sure he ever would. Peter had always been one to cling to those stronger than him, because he had always been so afraid of what others who were stronger could do to him... but Remus wasn't sure that tendency had been enough to make him sway to the Dark Lord. He *could've* written it off as just that: Peter's desire to follow the winning side, but Remus knew it was more: that it *had* to be more than that. After all, Peter *had* been a Gryffindor, so he must have had courage in him, despite everything. So there more to the story than Remus had ever learned; he just *knew* there was.

And when Remus J. Lupin felt moisture on his cheek, he knew that he wasn't just crying for James, Lily, or Sirius... but that he was crying for the loss of another friend: he was crying for the loss of a little blonde haired Gryffindor who had been in love with pumpkin pastries and chocolate frogs, and had always been a loyal, and good friend.

Remus Lupin *wanted* to hate Peter Pettigrew, and to forget the little blonde haired Gryffindor he had once been... but he *couldn't*. Peter

was as much a victim as Sirius or the Potters... just in a different way. And there was nothing Remus could do about that.

So Remus did the one thing he could do: he sat down and wept for the loss of innocence and for friendship, and for good friends and little innocent Gryffindor boys who had been lost to the darkness forever.

A/N: Wellll... The 7th book is coming out pretty soon, and being the avid Harry Potter fan I am, I realized that I had yet to submit *any* Harry Potter stories to FF... so I of course, had to rectify that. I wrote this rather quickly when I was bored one afternoon, and I didn't think it was *too* bad, so I decided to put it up.

Just as a FYI, I don't like Peter any more then most people: I just think everyone tends to forget that Peter *was* James, Sirius and Remus's *friend* at one point, and that he wasn't always a traitorous murderer. In Maurader's era stories, I see Peter too often portrayed as either already getting involved with the Dark Arts at a young age, or as a highly suspicious character, or otherwise as a lazy annoying kid that's always stuffing his face, and who Sirius and James seem to care little for, and ignore. That's just how I see it though. -shrugs-
Reviews are loved and appreciated . :D

EDIT: AH! I had the language listed as Serbian. -blush- I don't know how I managed that... thanks to Crimson Courreges

for pointing it out!